THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 2, 1807.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On SOLITUDE.

" For those whom wisdom, and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To sooth the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks."

THOMSON.

MUCH has been said, and various opinions formed, on the subject of solitude. By some it has been condemned as the mere effect of mental gloom, whilst others have eulogised it as the necessary habitation of virtue, and the source of every thing that is great or good. Misconceptions on this head have been common; and to place the subject in a proper point of view is the aim (however imperfectly effected) of the following observations.

A rigid monastic kind of seclusion from the world is obviously inconsistent with the plainest precepts both of reason and revelation. The reciprocal duties which man owes to man, all the relative and social offices which are strictly enforced on us by the sacred and unerring rules of life, must in such case be greatly neglected, if not entirely unperformed. To some minds this state is, no doubt, highly desirable. Many, from a strong propension to solitude, which they imbibe from their early youth, from sad experience of the melancholy fluctuations of mind and affairs, or other causes of similar tendency, long, with enthusiastic ardour, for a total seclusion from the world, and

its concerns; but mature reflection cannot but shew the impropriety of such desires. In the present state of things, commerce must be carried on for the employment and support of various classes of mankind; the government of society in all its diversified forms requires public exertions; and many other important purposes must be answered in the conduct of human life, with which the idea of perfect solitude is utterly incompatible.

How is instruction to be administered to the ignorant, charity dispensed to the needy, the consolatory balm imparted to the dejected breast, wrongs redressed, justice executed, and an extensive train of other indispensable offices to be wrought, without general intercourse with the world? Most potently does religion inculcate and demand the efforts of an active and public spirit: how, for instance, are her sacred precepts to be promulgated, and her glorious empire extended over the earth, in case of the universality of the principle and practice in question? and has not the recommendation, in an individual instance, of a principle generally applicable, a tendency to promote its universal diffusion? This last consideration must carry to the minds of those who seek monachism from motives of religion, an insuperable weight of argument. The private Christian, too, has it in his power, by the force of precept, through influence of conversation, or by his pious example, operating as a lively attractive, the means of conducing, in an eminent degree, to the amelioration of the prevailing state of morals; and may aspire, without vanity or disappointment, to the exalted honour of becoming instrumental to the improvement of his fellow-creatures in knowledge and happiness. 'Tis true, the world is pregnant with evil: its rank weeds spring up in large abundance; its serene and its boisterous seasons, its pains and its pleasures, are fraught alike wish danger; innumerable obstacles serve to impede the path of public duty; and to venture far on its perturbed ocean, necessarily exposes us to accumulated perils, arising from the storms which burst over it, as well as from the rocks and quicksands which are thickly interspersed beneath its tempting surface. But on this account to quit it, betrays evident marks of a shameful timidity, or an antichristian misanthropy.

Many, indeed, have recourse to solitude, for the purpose of indulging in the gratification of indolence. Others seek its shades under the influence of a cynical spirit, or a melancholy temperament; and of such dispositions, cherished in retirement, scepticism and infidelity are the ordinary result. To doubt is, in general, easier than to believe; and censure usually attended with greater pleasure than praise, inasmuch as the former affords gratification to the pride of criticism, as well as

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to a disposition of invidious spleen, which the mind too frequently feels in viewing the excellence or laudable distinction of others. This observation is here particularly applicable. Whilst some are engaged with praise-worthy sedulity, in extending the boundaries of human knowledge, and in the cultivation and exercise of the useful arts; and others in the great work of legislation, and political economy, or in the support of religious and moral systems of establishments, which are indissolubly interwoven with the causes of social order and felicity, the infidel and the sceptic may regard, from a secure distance, the mighty apparatus, treating all they see with a contemptuous sneer; or sitting reclined on the soft couch of self-esteem, and sciolous ostentation, may laugh with sarcastic delight at the zeal and energy of better men, whose exertions serve even to secure to them the means of indulgence in that apathy and indolence, which they so fondly cherish. In such cases the recesses of solitude are sullied, its pleasures abused, and its purposes misapplied.

Solitude, confessedly, has its real advantages and pleasures.

1. Its advantages are of inestimable value. 'Tis in retirement where wisdom holds her principal residence. The contemplative mind, remote from the tumult and bustle of the world, equally unmoved by its vexatious disappointments, and its disgusting and factitious joys, here retires within itself, and enjoys, unmolested, the pleasures of serious cogitation. Here, the novice in literature, attended by the agreeable company of his books, may, uninterruptedly, pursue the pleasing object of his studies; and the mature mind may here expatiate, without intrusion, on the extensive field which it has already trodden. Here, projects of utility and benevolence may be formed, and important designs ripened for execution. The Christian may here hold tranquil communion with the divine object of his best affections; and, free from the shackles and interruptions of an opposing world, may calmly indulge his pious propensity; whilst all its clamorous din, the voice of its contempt, or outrage, will be heard but as the low murmuring of dying thunders, in the distant horizon. In short, the wise, in all ages, have sedulously courted, at proper seasons, the tranquillity of solitude, and extolled its numerous and unquestionable advantages.

2. The calm and engaging pleasures, which solitude affords are great, beyond the conception of the sensualist and the worldling. Rural retirement is particularly delightful. The sweet scenes of nature have charms which are generally felt and acknowledged, though fully enjoyed by those only, whose tastes are formed for so exquisite a relish; who possess

———" Th' internal powers
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse."*

The verdant and umbrageous foliage, the rivulet which gently meanders around the tufted hillock, and displays its crystal surface, through the abrupt interstices of the grove, the variegated valley, and the mountain, whose summit is lost amid the clouds which envelope it: these, and a thousand other peculiarities of the landscape, embracing the sublime as well as the beautiful of nature, from a most agreeable and impressive scenery; whilst the various notes of the plumy songsters delight the ear, and the low muttering of leaves, agitated by the sportive zephyr, conduces to lull the mind more deeply into the calmness of contemplation; the senses are delighted, and the intellect invigorated. With what pleasing awe is the soul impressed, when ruminating under the rocky prominence, the " cloud-capt" mountain, or the darkened shades of the forest! What does it feel when contemplating the venerable remains of some sepulchral monument, or other relique of remote antiquity, which the solitary scenes of nature frequently present! To describe here is little more than to copy the portraits which have been so accurately and ravishingly drawn by others; § in short, every surrounding object tends to excite pleasant emotions, whilst it expels the impure desire, calms the passions, and endears, in an encreasing degree, the sequestered state.

To the man whose taste cannot relish pleasures such as these, a late very amiable poet would thus justly address himself:

" O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's shelt'ring bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!"†

But 'tis to the virtuous, the pleasures of retirement are peculiarly delightful; to him its unmixed sweets exclusively belong. Pleasures may be in some degree derived to the thoughtful infidel; to the Christian contemplatist they are productive of incomparably superior benefits. In the loneliness of rural retirement,

* Akenside.

§ Particularly by Zimmerman, in his Essay on Solitude.

† Beattie's Minstrel.

tirement, the latter may, with peculiar advantage and satisfaction, employ his mind on his favourite study; indulging in grateful reflections on the sublime doctrines of his holy faith, and the love of its divine author, particularly displayed in his propitiatory sacrifice; the face of nature presents, at the same time, to his view, innumerable and striking instances of his creative power and goodness; every object tends to add fuel to the devotional flame, and affords matter for pious meditation.

Such are the advantages and pleasures to which the recesses of solitude give birth:

"Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose;
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes?
Here innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And contemplation, soar on seraph wings.
O solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs."*

Shall I borrow from the sweet descriptions of poesy, another quotation still farther illustrative of the happy effects of retirement to those who know how to enjoy its advantages?

"'Tis their's to feel what treasures ne'er impart
Th' ingenuous wish that warms the feeling heart;
Their's near some dark'ning cliff, or haunted stream,
To melt intranc'd in thought's luxurious dream;
Or when some angel from the climes of love,
Descending, hovers o'er the conscious grove;
'Tis their's, when heav'nly anthems hymn'd around,
On air wide floating swells the mazy sound;
Soul meeting soul (the earthly mound o'erthrown)
To join the throng that watch th' eternal throne."§

On the whole it appears, that as wisdom is best acquired, and purposes of benevolence and utility formed in retirement; but to communicate instruction, execute the projects conceived, and perform all the relative and social offices of life, necessarily requires public intercourse; it will follow, that occasional retirement is highly commendable, whilst the rigidity of monastic solitude is contrary to our avowed duty; and the enjoyments of solitude will not be found incompatible with the duties or the pleasures of society, by those who properly make the

* Beattie's Minstrel.
§ Ogilvie.

the experiment; but reciprocal relish will be excited by the alternation.

"He," says a justly celebrated author, "who mingles religious retreat with worldly affairs, remains calm and master of himself. He is not whirled round and rendered giddy by the agitation of the world; but, from that sacred retirement, in which he has been conversant among higher objects, comes forth into the world with manly tranquillity, fortified by principles which he has formed, and prepared for whatever may befall."*

JUVENIS.

Falmouth, February 9, 1807.

* Blair.

THE RING,

A Moral Tale.

By the Authoress of the Occasional Essays.

(Continued from Page 153.*)*

IT is not our business to swell pages to a volume of mere matter, or rather of no matter, like some pages we daily meet with, operating as opiates to lull the reader asleep; our business is only to relate a simple tale. We shall, therefore, pass over a long, elaborate description of her personal and mental accomplishments, and only briefly say, that the worthy clergyman strictly performed his promise. Mrs. Love, and her different preceptors, as strictly adhered to their's; and that Maria Truman, at the age of eighteen, was one of the most sensible, fascinating, elegantly accomplished girls in England; and in point of beauty, both in face and symmetry, almost unparalleled!

"Bless me!" I hear some fashionable belle exclaim, "*eighteen*, and no lover yet? why half the swains in Christendom should have been sighing, nay absolutely *dying* at her feet, long ago. What is beauty given us for, but to set mankind a madding? Lud! I should be the happiest creature in nature to have half a dozen duels fought, and as many fellows left dead, a sacrifice to my charms, though of no further consequence, than merely to swell my train of admirers, and to flirt with."

Softly, young lady; our heroine had been properly instructed, not thrust into company, the lure of attraction; no, she was made to feel her own consequence, and the dignity of true feminine delicacy, by not even thinking of a lover too *soon*. She

did not *seek*, but knew and felt the propriety of being *found*: and yet, with all these disadvantages, she will be married in good time.

We must now return to Thomas Truman, the grocer's son, who at the now age of our heroine, had left his affectionate father and friends, and boldly adventured to the torrid zone, where he had paid an unremitting attention to business, under a vertical sun, for between twenty and thirty years, 'till he, in his turn, began to feel symptoms of declining health. The last renewal of co-partnership was near expiring, and he embraced the opportunity of settling, and retiring from the concern.

His plantation he had greatly improved, and, with a stock of 300 negroes, leased to good advantage before he left the island. The greater part of his personal effects had been remitted at different times to his agent in London, and the rest he brought in bills and colonial produce with him. The ship had a good passage, and the merchant, eager to tread his native land, hailed a flying boat, and was safely landed at Falmouth; from whence he immediately wrote to his father, fearing a too sudden appearance might produce disagreeable effects; giving time for a receipt of the letter, he set off in a post-chaise and four, making no stop 'till he found himself in the arms of his adored and adoring parents.

As to old Truman, his joy could be brought into no bounds of any thing rational; he jumped, capered, sung, danced to his whistle of old Darby and Joan, and gave every frantic symptom of madness an absolute lunatic could exhibit. The old woman laughed and cried in a breath, caught her dear, long absent son in her arms, smothered him with caresses, threw him from her, as if to be assured he was the same, snatched him to her arms again, stifling him with kisses, 'till nature no longer able to support the conflict, threw her into a strong hysteric fit, from which a plentiful shower of tears relieved her.

The worthy clergyman was not the last in congratulation, or the least happy of the group, and recommending moderation to all, brought about a little composure: but the bells now would have their turn of congratulation, and struck out so lively a peal of welcome, that old Truman, reminded again of the joyful occasion, would have a hogshead of his best strong beer hoisted into the market-place, with as much bread and cheese as the populace could devour, merely by way of a *whet*, as he termed it, 'till something better could be procured.

But where was his cherub? where his dear Maria? Without the daughter's presence, the father's happiness was incomplete. But from this blessing he was forcibly withheld by the rector; observing, her tender mind must be duly prepared, or her spirits would be too much agitated; it was then too late, the cottage

tage being some miles distant. Indeed the good man, and Mrs. Love, had concerted together a little plan, to add the poignancy of surprise to the embrace of paternal affection.

The little plan, concerted by the good rector and the widow, was simply this: that Maria should in the expected meeting with her father appear, exteriorly, in her fullest lustre; that the widow should have notice of his approach, and have her charge strikingly drest for his reception, in which simplicity, neatness, and modest elegance, shone conspicuously, and set off every native charm to high advantage.

In this I do not mean to insinuate there was any thing of the *ton* of high life, or the general fashion of her day: her situation was retired, and she only saw such dresses as the village church exhibited on a Sunday. Mrs. Love purchased her habiliments of the finest texture, adequate to her fortune, neat, but not gaudy; and as to fashion, she left the governess and her charge to the exercise of their own fancy. Maria planned for herself, and a little portion of female vanity, convinced her, from her glass, that plan was successful.

With her other accomplishments, she had closely studied the art of painting; not merely drawings, flowers, and landscapes for fancy work, and other ornaments, but painting in an extensive degree; she was born for the pencil, and had finished some heads, both in crayons and oil, that would have done honour to a much older artist: and one small whole length of a Diana, in which the drawing was allowed to be perfectly correct, the drapery graceful, the disposition of the figure easy and natural, the colours blended with infinite skill, and the chaste ruddy glow of health so illumined the animated, intelligent countenance, that the portrait appeared starting from the canvas into life.

Thus having accurately studied proportion, and the rules of symmetry, she knew that when nature is thrown off her bias, she grows contortioned and rickety; and her good sense pointed out, that the drapery which gave dignity, grace, and finished elegance to a painting, would as gracefully set off the human form, she therefore to the bounteous hand of nature, added artificial advantages so elegantly simple, and modestly becoming, as gave to her enchanting person, the whole grand display of fascinating excellence. Whatever was the fashion, her's was all her own; at her toilette the graces presided, and every little ornament placed by the unerring hand of real taste.

Thus decorated, stood the emblem of dove-like innocence, when a post-chaise, with her expected and anxiously expecting father, with the worthy rector, drove rapidly to the door.

But what language can express the surprise and rapture of the enchanted parent? He stood entranced; she appeared in his eyes a being matchless beyond compare. All traces of the

lovely little creole she appeared when he last beheld her, were obliterated. She was now eighteen; and the bud of virgin purity began to raise its blushing head, expanding its roseate leaves in the full blaze of luxuriant beauty. He caught her, as she with modest timidity, attempted to kneel for his blessing, to his transported arms; clasped her, with an involuntary ejaculation, and a gratefully fervent eye to Heaven for the blessing, to his enraptured bosom, where never was paternal affection more sincere.

For a while the merchant's whole time passed between his parents and child, with many an affectionate greeting among his old school-mates and friends, even to the neglect of business, which compelled him, at last, to set off to London to settle every thing with his agent; and his fortune, not including his estate in Jamaica, but of personal property, was securely placed in the bank, to the amount of upwards of 150,000l. Between the good rector and the merchant, the most friendly intercourse took place; and on the former's advice, and more immediate knowledge of the country, the latter most implicitly relied.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING TRIAL.

OLD BAILEY,

Friday, February 20, 1807.

MURDER OF MR. STEELE.

JOHN HOLLOWAY, alias Oliver, alias Long Will, and Owen Haggerty, alias Neggerty, were indicted for the wilful murder of John Cole Steele, on the 6th of November, 1802. The indictment charged the prisoners in one count with murdering the deceased by a blow on the head with a stick, and in another count with strangling him with a leather belt passed round his neck.

Mr. Gurney stated the circumstances of the case to the jury in a very clear manner. Mr. Alley and Mr. Glead were also counsel for the prosecution. Mr. Andrews was counsel for the prisoners. The following was the evidence adduced on the part of the prosecution:

Mr. Mayer, the brother in law of Mr. Steele, stated, that the deceased had a house in Catharine-street, Strand, and another at Feltham, beyond Hounslow. He left London on Friday, the 5th of November, 1802, to go to Feltham, and, in consequence of his not returning, the witness went to enquire for

him on the Wednesday. As he did not find him at his house at Feltham, and as it was suspected some accident had befallen him, he, assisted by some other persons, proceeded to search the common. He there found his brother in law's great coat, which was drab coloured. It was in a gravel pit, and covered almost entirely with rushes. One of the persons who assisted him, found a dead body on the other side of the heath, and upon examining it, the witness knew it to be the body of Mr. Steele. It was found about 200 yards on the right hand side of the road, and about double that distance from the barracks. Henry Manby found a hat, and one or two pieces of hat, which he brought to the witness. This hat was not Mr. Steele's, who was in the habit of writing his name in his hat at full length. On his cross-examination by Mr. Andrews, he stated that a reward of 50l. had been offered for the discovery of the murderers.

Henry Manby, who was inspector of Mr. Steele's works at Feltham, proved that his master left that place on Saturday the 6th of November, dressed in a drab great coat, and half boots. His hat was not quite a new one. He had not much property about him. He took some silver with him when he went away, perhaps thirty-seven shillings. The witness assisted in searching the heath on the Wednesday following, and found the hat mentioned by Mr. Mayer on the right hand side of the road going to town, near the third clump of trees. He also saw the great coat found in the gravel pit, and which he knew to be Mr. Steele's. He had helped him on with it when he went away on the Saturday evening. There was some blood upon one shoulder of the coat.

William Hughes assisted in the search made for the body of Mr. Steele, and was the person who found it in a ditch near the clump of trees, with the bank pulled down which covered it. The body was lying on the back, the flap of the coat over the face, and a leather strap drawn very tight round the neck. The face was covered with blood and mud. The witness also saw a hat, great coat, and stick, which were found on the heath. He also saw a pair of shoes, which he himself found about 50 yards from the body. There were no shoes nor boots on the feet of the deceased, nor any hat on the head.

Henry Frogden, surgeon, saw the body of the deceased at the Ship, at Hounslow, on the 10th of November, after it had been found on the heath. He discovered a large fracture on the front of the head, and a large laceration of the integuments, which appeared to have been produced by a stick, or some blunt instrument. There was a large wound and laceration of the integuments on the back part of the head also; but he did not perceive any fracture there. Much injury appeared to have been done to the neck by the application of a leather strap,

strap, which would of itself have proved strangulation. There was likewise a large bruise on the upper part of the right arm, which appeared to have been the effect of a blow with a stick, or other blunt instrument. He was of opinion that the blow on the head was the immediate cause of Mr. Steele's death.

Benjamin Hanfield, the informer, was then called; but before he was bronght into court, Mr. Gurney observed, that he had just seen the pardon which had been granted under the great seal to this man, and that it was not, as had been represented, a general pardon.

The pardon was then read by the clerk.

Sir Simon Le Blanc observed, that it was merely a pardon for an offence of which he had been guilty, and condemned to transportation, and that the witness stood precisely in the same situation as any party who came to give evidence respecting a crime in which he had been concerned.

Benjamin Hanfield being immediately after sworn, stated, that he had known Haggerty for eight or nine years, and Holloway for six or seven. He had been frequently in their company before the month of November, 1802, and used to meet them at the Turk's Head, and at the Black Horse, in Dyot-street, St. Giles's; and at the Black Dog, the corner of Belton-street. One day, in the beginning of November, 1802, John Holloway came to him at the Turk's Head, called him out, and asked him whether he had any objection to be in a good thing. The witness replied he had none, but asked when and where: Holloway replied he would tell him in a day or two; but that it was to be a *low toby* (a footpad robbery). On the Thursday before the 6th of November, the witness saw Holloway standing in Dyot-street, went to him, and asked him whether he was ready for what he had proposed. Holloway said, he was, and that it should be done on Saturday. He also informed the witness that Owen Haggerty was to go with them. He agreed to meet at the Black Horse on Saturday. The witness went there according to this appointment. He found there the two prisoners, and Holloway told them they were to *serve* (rob) a gentleman on Hounslow Heath, whom he knew to have property about him. Before they left the Black Horse they drank something. They then proceeded out of town by the way of Hyde-park-corner, and again had some porter at a house at Turnham Green. When they arrived at Hounslow they went into a public-house on the left hand side of the way from town, which the witness did not then know, but since learned to be the sign of the Bell. After four o'clock they left the Bell, and proceeded on the heath to the 11 mile stone on the way to Feltham. As they walked along they conversed, and sometimes talked of their project. They hoped they would be

lucky, and get a good booty. When they came to the eleven mile stone, Holloway said they were rather too soon; they therefore went off the road to a clump of trees, and lay down for about an hour. It was dark when they went to the clump of trees, but after they were there the moon rose. This clump of trees is on the left hand of the road from town. Having got up, and looked round them, they walked about for half an hour longer, and then the moon, which had before shone clear, began to be obscured. "At last," said the witness, "Holloway observed that he heard the sound of feet; upon which we came out from the clump of trees, and proceeded along the road to Feltham, and I soon descried the figure of a man coming towards me. I called to him to stop, and Holloway went round, and got behind him. I could see that the deceased was dressed in a light coloured coat. When I desired him to stop, I also ordered him to deliver his money, which he said he was willing to do, and hoped that he would not be used ill. He put his hand in his pocket, and gave Haggerty, who had got between him and me, something, but I know not what. Holloway asked, whether he had delivered his book, and I demanded it. He said, he had got no book. Holloway insisted that he had, and said, that if he did not deliver it up, he would knock him down. The deceased again declared that he had no book; upon which Holloway immediately knocked him down with a stick which he had in his hand. I then laid hold of his legs, and Holloway stood with his stick over his head, protesting that if he made any resistance, or cried aloud, that he would knock out his brains. The deceased repeated, he hoped we would not ill treat him. Haggerty then proceeded to search him, when the deceased made some resistance, and being very strong, he struggled so hard, that he got up, and had nearly crossed the road. We got him down again, and as Haggerty was proceeding to search the second time, we heard the sound of a carriage. The deceased then began to struggle as before, and to call out; upon which Holloway said, 'I will silence the b—r,' and, raising his stick, gave him several severe blows upon the head and body. The stick which Holloway had was a large crab thorn stick. Upon receiving the blows, the deceased gave a deep groan, and in a few minutes after another groan, and at the same time seemed to stretch out lifeless. I was at this time on my knees, holding the deceased's legs. I became alarmed at what I saw, and I rose and said to Holloway—'You have killed the man.' 'No,' replied Holloway, 'he is only stunned.' I said I would stay no longer, that I would go on towards London, and that they might follow me." The witness then went on to state, that he turned about and walked towards Hounslow. The sound of the carriage wheels had by this time gone past. The sound was like that of

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a heavy coach, and it appeared to be about the distance of thirty yards. The murder, he said, took place beyond the barracks. He had since pointed out the place to John Vickery and Mr. Hughes. When he arrived at Hounslow, he stopped there about an hour, at the farther end of the town. Both of the prisoners came up to him there, and they seemed nearly out of breath. Holloway said, they had *done the trick*. The witness asked him whether he was in earnest, and he said he was, and, as token, said, " hold that," putting into the hand of witness a hat. It was a fine hat, and not that which Holloway wore when he went to the common, which was an old one, like a soldier's. It resembled a hat which had been shewn to him as one found on the heath, and that hat also corresponded with the description of Holloway's, which he had given to Vickery. They crossed into another road, in order to return to London, and on their way the witness said to Holloway, " This has been a cruel piece of business, and I am sorry I have had any hand in it." He also asked Holloway what he had done with his own hat; and he intimated that he had thrown it away, and defaced it so as it might not be known. In crossing the fields, the witness asked Haggerty whether he had got the book? upon which Holloway said, " It is nothing to you—as you did not share in the danger, you shall not share in the spoil." When they got to Dyot-street, it was twelve o'clock, and then they went to the Black Horse, and had a pint of gin. When Haggerty went out, he said, he believed his shoes would scarcely last him to go to Hounslow; but the witness did not observe whether he had on shoes when he returned. Next day the witness saw Haggerty with a hat on his head, which he knew was not his. It was a good one, but seemed rather too small for him. He said it was the hat he got the night before, and shewed it to the witness, who saw Mr. Steele's name in the inside of it. The witness then cautioned him against wearing the hat, as it might lead to discovery. At last he gave it up one evening after, while at Westminster, to the witness, who filled it with stones, fastening the lining over them, and threw it from the bridge into the Thames. In last September the witness was convicted of a larceny, and sentenced to transportation. In pursuance of his sentence, he was removed to Langstone Harbour, where Vickery, the police officer, came down for him, in consequence of something he had said in Newgate, and brought him to London. On their way to town he pointed out to Vickery the place where the murder was committed, but the latter prevented him from saying any thing, as there were several other persons on the top of the coach.

Mr. Andrews cross-examined the witness a good deal. He said to Mr. Andrews, that he had made no memorandums to refresh his memory; the compunctions of his conscience were sufficient

sufficient for his recollection. The first time he spoke about this affair was in Newgate. Several persons there were talking of various robberies and murders which had been committed, and, among the rest, the present case was mentioned. He then said, that there were only three persons in the world who knew of the murder of Mr. Steel; upon which a rumour prevailed in the jail, that he was going to turn *nose*. In consequence of this report he became afraid, and said no more about it. When Sir John Carter, who had heard of this, sent for him at Portsmouth, he made a full declaration to him. He acknowledged that he had frequently lived by thieving, and that he had deserted from four or five regiments.

Mr. Alley thought it right to interpose, and put a stop to this sort of examination.

Sir Simon Le Blanc said, that the witness certainly was not obliged to answer questions that tended to render him liable to military punishment. He was at liberty to refuse to answer them if he pleased. To the next question of that kind put by Mr. Andrews, the witness immediately said, "I do not choose to answer you."

Vickery, the police-officer, corroborated the last witness's evidence, as to his having pointed out the place where the murder was committed. He apprehended Haggerty on the 29th of November last, on board of the Shannon frigate, off Deal. He was in very bad health, and the witness thought that he would not live to go to town. He took him before Admiral Holloway, who asked him some questions, viz. how long he had been a marine? and where he was three years ago? The prisoner was so unwell, that he could with difficulty articulate an answer to the last question; but when the admiral asked him where he was four years ago, his countenance suddenly altered, and he would have fallen back had not the witness supported him. Hanfield had given the witness a description of a hat which he said was worn by Holloway, and a stick, also belonging to that prisoner, and the descriptions answered to the hat and stick found on the heath, which Hanfield had no opportunity of seeing, or being made acquainted with.

John Smith, who drove the Gosport coach on the 6th of November, passed Hounslow Heath that night, about eight o'clock, and when at the 11 mile stone, heard two deep groans, which seemed to come from behind him, and towards the right.

Isaac Clayton, the beadle of Hounslow, received a hat, a pair of shoes, and a stick, which were found on the heath, and which he delivered to Sir Richard Ford. When he was at the Worship-street office, in December last, he recollected that he had seen Holloway six years before at Hounslow, at the Bell. He spoke to him; but the prisoner said he had never been at Hounslow. The witness reminded him that he was there pull-

ing turnips, in company with a namesake of his own, a man called Oliver, with a wooden leg. The prisoner admitted that he knew Oliver, but persisted in saying he had never been at Hounslow.

Blackman, a Bow-street officer, deposed, that he had seen the prisoners and Hanfield together at the Turk's Head, in Dyot-street, about the time of the murder. On one occasion Blackman said to Holloway, "You have been in a good thing lately." To which he answered, "No, I have tied it all up now," meaning that he had given up thieving. He also said, that he had been working with a plaisterer at Hounslow. Several other officers proved that the prisoners and Hanfield had been acquainted with each other. The landlords of the public-houses in Dyot-street also deposed, that they had seen them together in their tap-rooms, but could not tell whether they were in the same company or not.

John Sawyer, who lived at the Bell, at Hounslow, in November, 1802, and left that place in the March following, swore that he had frequently seen the prisoners at Hounslow. The person of Hanfield he did not recollect.

John Nares, esq. one of the magistrates of Worship-street, stated the manner in which he had examined the prisoners. He examined them apart. Haggerty denied all knowledge both of Holloway and Hanfield Holloway said he knew Hanfield, but that he had never been at any public-house with him, excepting it was after he came out of prison in 1804. He said he had known Haggerty for about two years, but had never been in any public-house with him and Hanfield at the same time. Both prisoners described themselves to have been working with different persons in November, 1802, but upon an enquiry, and confronting those persons with them, their assertions were found to be false. One of the police officers, named Bishop, gave an account of conversations which he had overheard between the prisoners, while they were separately confined in the two strong rooms of the Worship-street police office; these rooms join, and the prisoners called to each other. The witness was so situated, that he could hear what they said when they spoke loud, and he took notes of what he heard. He read these notes to the court. The greater part of the conversation consisted of execrations against the accomplice Hanfield, but some words had dropped which were important. The officer, it appeared, listened after the close of each examination. Haggerty observed to Holloway, that Hanfield had told about several public-houses in which they were. He also asked whether he had said he knew him; as for his part, he had denied all knowledge of Holloway. On another occasion, Holloway said, "where did he (Hanfield) say we had the gin? at the Black Horse?"—Haggerty. "We must have got it there."

Mr.

Mr. Robinson, a hatter, knew the size of Mr. Steele's head, and said that his hat might have been worn by Holloway, but that it would have been rather tight for him.

Mr. Britten, a bootmaker, had examined the feet and legs of Haggerty, and was certain that Mr. Steele's boots would have fitted him. He was shewn the old shoes found on the heath, which he said had been worn by some person for whom they were too large; and, compared with the foot of Haggerty, they were too large.

When the stick, hat, and shoes were produced in the court, the prisoner Holloway seemed evidently agitated.

The prisoners, when called upon for their defence, denied any knowledge of the transaction.

Mr. Justice Le Blanc summed up the evidence in a very clear and perspicuous manner, making some very humane observations upon the nature of the testimony given by accomplices. He was near two hours in his address, and left no point, either for or against the prisoners, unobserved upon, leaning at all times to the side of mercy.

The jury, in about ten minutes, found a verdict of Guilty.

They were both ill-looking men, particularly Holloway, whose appearance was the most brutal and ferocious that can be imagined.

The recorder immediately pronounced the awful sentence of the law, and the prisoners were ordered for execution on Monday the 23d of February.

They both persisted in protesting that they were innocent, after the verdict was pronounced.

Holloway was 29 and Haggerty only 24 years of age.

Method of extracting STARCH *from* HORSE CHESNUTS.

IN the year 1796, William Murray, esq. (commonly called Lord William Murray,) obtained a patent for extracting starch from horse-chesnuts, of which the following is a copy of the process, as described by the patentee:—

I first take the horse-chesnuts out of the outward green prickly husks, and then either by hand, with a knife or other tool, or else with a mill adapted for that purpose, I very carefully pare off the brown rind, being particular not to leave the smallest speck, and to entirely eradicate the sprout or growth. I next take the nuts, and rasp, grate or grind them fine into water, either by hand or by a mill adapted for that purpose. The pulp which is thereby formed in this water, I wash as clean as possible through a coarse horse hair sieve, this I again wash through a finer sieve, and then again through a still finer, constantly adding clean water to prevent any starch adhering to

the pulp. The last process is to put it, with a large quantity of water, (about four gallons to a pound of starch,) through a fine gauze muslin or lawn, so as entirely to clear it of all bran, or other impurities; as soon as it settles, pour off the water, then mix it up with clean water, repeating this operation 'till it no longer imparts any green, yellow, or other colour to the water; then drain it off 'till nearly dry, and set it to bake, either in the usual mode of baking starch, or else spread out before a brisk fire, being very attentive to stir it frequently, to prevent its horning, that is to say, turning to a paste or jelly, which, on being dried, turns hard like horn. The whole process should be conducted as quickly as possible.

Your's, &c.

Hull, November 6, 1806. WILLIAM PYBUS.

TREATMENT *of* CHILDREN.

THOSE who write on the subject of the North American Indians, inform us, that they train their children to ability in their rude pursuits with sedulous anxiety; and never resort to any other mode of corporeal punishment than that of throwing a portion of cold water in the face of the perverse pupil. These writers add, that the disgrace of this chastisement is so seriously regarded by the North American children, that it is not unusual for boys thus reprimanded to pine for a considerable time, and they have been known even to deprive themselves of existence. We are told nearly the same of the wild Arabs of the desart.

Thus, domestic tyranny appears rather the fruit of a fallacious refinement, distinct from the uncultivated propensities of nature, and is the more dangerous, because it is uniformly flattering to the unfeeling and little-minded.

The domestic European bashaw is guilty of cruel absurdities from which the great, in talent and situation, are almost ever found exempt, and which even the North American savage regards as barbarous and unnatural. Mild means are, in general, most likely to be successful.

A QUESTION, *by Robert Maffett, of Plymouth.*

A Gentleman is about to enclose a piece of ground, in form of a parallelogram, the diagonals of which are to measure 16 and 12 chains, and to intersect in a right angle: I demand to know the side of the parallelogram, and the area, in acres, independent of algebra or trigonometry.

Answer, by Piscator, to W. D. Champion's Charade, inserted December 8.

YOUR parts, when join'd, shew very plain,
That CHARCOAL is the thing you mean.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Salter, of Broadhembury; W. D. of Bristol; H. Glasson, of Praze; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Ryan, of Stonehouse; P. Codd, and R. Gidley, of Dean Prior; J. S. of Exeter; J. Badcock, of Mousehole; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; John Woodman, of North Curry; G. A. T. Arden, of South Petherton; J. Rowden, of Heytesbury; J. Joyce, of Tiverton; J. Whitnell, of Street; M. P. M. of Marazion; and Rusticus, of Awliscombe.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to Ann Dyer's Rebus, inserted the 15th of December.

OPAL's the precious stone you meant,
Now with this answer be content.

*** Similar answers have also been received from Rusticus, of Awliscombe; J. Ryan, of East Stonehouse; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; H. Stoneman, and J. S. of Exeter; W. D. of Bristol; J. Fairweather, of Batson; H. Ellis, and S. Kendrick, of Tiverton; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; and J. Rowden, of Heytesbury.

Answer, by H. Ellis, of Tiverton, to J. A——g's Charade, inserted December 15.

THO' botany I don't profess,
Yet still I think I've seen,
The herb CAT-MINT in nature's dress,
Array'd in lovely green.

† Similar answers have been received from B. Belcher, of East Stonehouse; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Stoneman, and J. S. of Exeter; W. D. of Bristol; J. Joyce, of Tiverton; Rusticus, of Sonehouse; J. Rowden, of Heytesbury; and J. Whitnell, of Street.

A CHARADE, *by G. A. T. Arden, of South Petherton.*

MY first, it is a father's name;
My second's a relation;
My whole's a poet of great fame,
Once living in this nation.

An ENIGMA, *by Oedipus.*

INGENIOUS youths! reveal my name:
I liken'd am unto a dream:
A day, a point, a bubble, span,
And yet thro' ev'ry age I've ran;
A vapour, shadow, and a race,
I flew away with rapid pace;
I'm like a flow'r which blooms to day,
To morrow withers—dies away.
Ah! short indeed you do enjoy me,
Be careful then how you employ me;
For those who use me well will sing
Immortal lays to God their king.

POETRY.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

An Ode to Mr. Thomas, Proprietor of the Penzance and Truro Kitterreen.

THOMAS! when in thy gay machine,
Yclep'd the "Royal Kittereen,"
I took my last excursion,
A weight of woe my soul oppress'd,
And gloom'd the sunshine of the breast,
In spite of all exertion.

You stare—in wonder what it was!
Aware, perhaps, no trivial cause
Could discompose a poet;
List then, O man of mirthful phiz!
Langdon shall tell thee what it is,
That all Penzance may know it.

"The loss of beauty's syren smiles!"
For beauty's magic charm beguiles
The toils of every journey:
What wonders will not beauty work?
E'en draw compassion from a Turk,
And *truth* from an *attorney!*

O woman! lovely woman! cheers
This melancholy vale of tears,
In each eventful station;
Whether in splendid courts they shine,
Or grace such simple cars as thine,
I burn with admiration.

Say, Thomas, what would e'er avail,
Redruth or Camborne's stoutest ale,
To rouse thy drooping spirits,
If, after all thy toilsome round,
Good Mistress Thomas was not found
To recompence thy merits.

Oft in the matrimonial state
Domestic storms, in spite of fate,
Will keep a dismal racket;
But, when besmear'd with rain and mire,
O! for a wife to trim the fire,
And dry thy dripping jacket.

Thomas! success to thee! but know
Tho' *three* brisk nags thy carriage draw,
With chubby-fac'd postillion,
I'd rather see thee harness *one*,
When beauties smile—than, when they're gone,
Be lugg'd on by a *million*.

Farewell! for far away I rove,
And possibly these lines may prove
The muses' last oblation;

Unless

Unless when I resume my place,
A M——'s or V——nc——'s matchless grace,
Create fresh inspiration.

Village-hill. EDWIN.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines inscribed to the Memory of Robert Sproule, Esq.

SAD is the heart, ah! doom'd too soon to mourn,
To weep with anguish o'er the sacred urn
Of honour'd Sproule; of him who late was seen
To smile benignly with a joy serene;
Whose sympathetic soul rejoic'd to hear
If good approach'd us, or if good was near.
To ev'ry human want his aid was nigh,
For ev'ry human woe he heav'd a sigh.
Tho' fell disease had rankled thro' his frame,
The bosom's mild composure was the same;
No selfish pang the noble mind assails,
But oft where virtue triumphs, nature fails.

Alas! he saw affection's anxious care,
The stifled sorrow, and the half-dropp'd tear.
Alas! he knew that he ere long must leave,
The wife he dearly lov'd, the child, to grieve;
All the fond ties that providence had given
To lighten life's dark pilgrimage to heav'n.
The pang he feels; yet soon a radiant ray,
Which turns e'en darkness to refulgent day,
Beam'd peace within, and now the throbbing breast
Is fill'd with visions of eternal rest;
Immortal comforts then alone supply
What feeble nature ever will deny.
An herald angel put to flight his pain,
These words he spoke, "Thy souls shall meet again."

O sainted Sproule, whilst onward time shall go,
I'll hail thy merits, and thy praise bestow;
Greet thy blest spirit in the realms above,
And humbly laud, with thee, redeeming love;
Prostrate in awe, on boundless mercy call,
Hymn that great Being, who is "all in all."

TO MARY.

MARY, whom more than life I prize,
Thy favour'd poet's verse attend,
And as the varied feelings rise,
See him thy lover or thy friend.
Whene'er a sigh steals o'er thy soul,
And pensive thought sits mistress there;
Friendship shall then my love controul,
And charm thy mind with prudent care.
But when the sparkling, half-clos'd eye,
Love's stronger spirit shall discover;
Entranc'd, I'll bid cool friendship fly,
And prove me ev'ry inch a lover.
Thus shall each fresh succeeding day
Become the messenger of bliss;
My friendship shall thy smile repay,
My love be sanction'd by a kiss.